

HOMIE MAGAZINE.

DOUBLE PAGE.

Valentine Competition

The Evening World offers a prize of \$10 for the best valentine written in a verse by a man to a woman, and \$5 for the best by a woman to a man. The valentines must not exceed sixteen lines and may be as much shorter as their authors wish. They must be strictly original, and addressed to "Valentine Editor," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City. The competition will close Feb. 12.

And that I might name thee mine,
Claim thee, dearest Valentine,
HENRY N. RUSSELL,
11 S. Lighthouse Depot, Tompkinsville, N. Y.

Oh! to be of one jewel the wearer,
Of heaven on earth the sharer,
With the trust of woman for mine,
My sweet—my Valentine!

And the world can hold none fairer,
My heart can hold none dearer,
Than that I leave for mine,
My love—my Valentine!

Oh! I would have her nearer,
Would she the love light nearer
In shy eyes, raised to mine,
My dear—my Valentine!

Oh! to be of one jewel the wearer,
Of heaven on earth the sharer,
With the trust of woman for mine,
My darling Valentine!

NEW CANAAN, PAIDFORD COUNTY, CONN.
"Could we see ourselves as our neighbors we see,"
Perchance I might have myself paid,
For the love I give, my Valentine be,
Your kindness will be in vain,
This hard to have those you can't care for propose.

To make them unhappy is sad,
Wait for whom you love calmly shake hands
Dear friend, can you not make me glad?
Mrs. J. V. R.,
No. 225 Edgemoor Avenue, New York City.

Sweet thoughts that come at bedtime
At moonlight and dawn;
Sweet thoughts that in my heart abide,
All day and all night,
W. H. BAILLOU.

My thoughts fly out to thee
Wherever you may be,
Sweetheart of mine,
With wishes fond and true,
That you, and only you,
Will be my Valentine.

My thoughts are all of thee,
And you are mine,
Sweetheart of mine,
Couldst whisper fond and true,
"Till you, and only you,
Shall be my Valentine!"

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A Gentleman of France

by Stanley J. Weyman
Author of "Count Hamlyn"
Under the Red Robe "Cellello"
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Synopsis of preceding chapters.

CHAPTER XVII.
For High Stakes.

lay still, and as in a dream, for my brain was still clouded, heard some one say, "Dead! he is dead! he is dead!"

"Do you know him, Malignant?" said a voice which sounded strangely familiar.

"No, my lord, he is a stranger to me. He has the look of a Norman."

"Like enough," replied a high-pitched voice I had not heard before. "For he rode a good horse. Give me a hundred like it, and a hundred men to ride as straight, and I would not envy the King of France."

"Much less his poor cousin of Navarre," the first speaker rejoined in a laughing tone. "Without a whole shirt to his back or a doublet that is decently new. Come, Turpin, acknowledge that you are not so badly off after all!"

The equestrian did his best to restrain his cursing under his breath for a fool, and almost equestrian the life out of me. But in vain for the King of Navarre, riding nearer, saw me struggling.

"Hail! hail!" this a strange dead man, he cried, interposing. "What is the meaning of this? Let him go! Do you hear, straggler? Let him go!"

The equestrian obeyed and stood back sullenly, and I staggered to my feet, and looked round with eyes which still swam and wavered.

On the instant a cry of recognition greeted me, with a hundred exclamations of astonishment. While I heard my name uttered on

every side in a dozen different tones, I remarked that M. de Rosny, upon whom my eyes first fell, alone stood silent, regarding me with a face of sorrowful surprise.

"By heavens, sir, I knew nothing of this!" I heard the King of Navarre declare, addressing himself to the Vicomte de Turpin. "The man is here by no coincidence of mine. Interrogate him yourself. If you will. Or I will. Speak, sir," he continued, turning to me, "you heard me yesterday, what I promised you? Why, in God's name are you here to-day?"

I staggered to the King of Navarre's side, and, falling on my knees, seized his stirrup.

"Sir, I bring you news! great news! dreadful news!" I cried, clinging to it. "His Majesty was but a quarter of an hour ago stabbed in the body in his chamber by a villain monk. And is lying on, or it may be dead."

"Dead? The King?" Turpin cried with an oath. "Impossible!"

"Heathen your air," Henry said at last, fixing his piercing eyes on me, and speaking in a harsh, low tone, like the growling of a great dog. "This is no sewing time. Nor will you save your skin by a ruse. Tell me, on your peril, is this a trick?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!" I answered with passion. "I was in the chamber and saw it with my own eyes. I mounted on the instant and rode hither by the shortest route to warn your Highness to look to yourself. Monks are many, and the Holy Union is not apt to stop half-way."

"He nodded. 'You may be mistaken,' he said. 'I say that you are. But here comes Moray. He may know more.'"

of "Shanadoah," and appeared later in "All the Comforts of Home." Next he played the Earl of Leicester in Marie Walworth's production of "Amy Robsart" at Wallack's. After a season in "Frederick Lemaitre" and "Poets and Puppets" he became leading man of the Empire Theatre stock company, and created roles in "Sowing the Wind," "The Merry Widow," "The Masqueraders," and "Bohemia."

Miller began his career as a star in Chicago in "Heartsease." He then appeared in "The Master," and the following season gave his great production of "The Only Way."

Miller is now appearing in a play called "Darcy of the Guards."

I saw Ben Teal Monday at his cozy little office in the Holland Building. Mr. Teal was setting his house in England, previous to his departure for England.

He had been a superintendent in the production of "Ben-Hur." Mr. Teal has almost recovered his old-time spirit and dash, and says that life on the ocean wave, far from telegraph, mail and messenger service, will set him up completely.

Chauncey O'cott, out for his daily crawl with a cluster of sweet matinee girls on his trail, is one of the most moving spectacles to be seen in town at present. Chauncey, minus his silver buckles and bronze-brown wig, is not precisely one of the ideal of personified manhood. But the S. M. G. is never satisfied.

Henry Miller was born in Illington, London, England, in 1859, and went to Canada in 1871. A few years later, deciding upon a stage career, he placed himself under the tuition of C. W. Coudock, the veteran actor, with whom he studied for three years, making his first appearance in Toronto.

In 1887 he became leading juvenile of Daniel Frohman's Locum Theatre stock, remaining there two years, and appearing in "The Wife," "The Marquis" and "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Miller then created the role of Kerehavel in West in Charles Frohman's production.

On either side of the block, turning from the straight and narrow path of Broadway, electric signs glittered in the break night air.

"No," said John Keehote. "I have learned to put not my trust in policemen. It is the error of my ways. There is a white glare over your door, but your light is a light to darkness and—"

"We want someone to play with us," called a pair of gentle voices, and John Keehote was wadded away just as a confident smile broke across the features of the short-haired man.

"It's a lovely sight," the burly one murmured, as he moved up the room, "to see the children so kind to the stranger who came to take them in."

Meanwhile things were coming his way so fast that John Keehote was not alone, even next day, to account for them in their precise order.

He was aware that one of the playful children who captured him fell upon his neck, recognizing him as her long-lost brother from the old home.

John Keehote waited on no ceremony. "I have come," said he, "to bring you warning!"

Flowers and names.

A smile.

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Flowers and names.

A smile.

When my lady deigns to smile on me

Sweet visions in my dazzled eyes

The dancing ripples of some moon-kissed lake.

A shower of blossoms from some sun-loved tree.

Yet never have I seen the ripples race

Over a surface so serene and bright.

Nor blossoms so divinely pink and white

As the soft colors of my lady's face.

His view of it.

She—Do you think it possible for a man to serve two masters?

SOCIETY'S GERMAN HAIR FOR PRINCE HENRY HENRI.

Rumor declares that in compliance to our distinguished royal guest, Prince Henry of Prussia, the American women will wear coiffures à l'impériale at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of the gala performance in Prince Henry's honor.

The emperor coiffure refers in this case to the style of hairdressing affected by the German Kaiserin, and fortunately for the fair ladies who are to assume the German style of hairdressing, it for one night only it promises to be fairly becoming to most faces.

The coiffure is elaborate but not exaggerated as in the French styles.

It is in fact, a modification of the fashionable French mode of dressing the hair which prevails at present.

It is perhaps it would be more truly descriptive to say the German coiffure is an adaptation from the French.

The hair is to be waved with a large iron curl over the head.

It should then be divided crosswise, twelve inches back of the ears down to the neck.

The side hair is rolled back, but no roll is used.

Her Imperial Majesty of Germany disdains artificial aids, and is content with the sheveling nature has given her.

She will permit no additions to her blood treasure, and the imperial coiffure must not venture to suggest false rolls.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

Chérie—I stand on the corner this morning, and of all the hundreds of women that went by I didn't see more than three I would marry.

Thilly—And I suppose the number that would marry would be a good deal smaller still.—Somerville Journal.

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MORTIFYING ACCIDENT.



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Snakely (to wealthy aunt)—Yes, I take pointer with me wherever I go. He knows me.

PARTICULAR.

As the daily train reached a Vermont village, the other day, an antique-looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room, and briefly shouted:

"A bright-looking boy came up to the window."

"Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to school?"